UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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GOODNESS, AND SOMETHING BESIDES.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

I am reading with great interest and sympathy the third volume, covering the New Testament period, of "The Bible for Learners." But I feel one great defect in the book. The author's conception of religion includes nothing more than enthusiastic goodness. "And what more is possible?" some one may ask. I answer, This is possible, this is necessary,—the sense of God! The author uses freely the name of God, but in his use of it I find it impossible to recognize any other meaning than that of an ideal of human conduct. He seems to express his own thought fully and justly in the chapter on the Gospel of the Kingdom. He says of the secret brought to light by Jesus: "This new discovery, this great principle, may be described, according to the side from which it is approached, as *the worth of man* or *the love of God.*" And in what follows he shows clearly enough that to his own mind "the love of God" has no other meaning than what is conveyed by "the worth of man." Take this characteristic passage. "Man is akin to God. *God is our Father.* This great, this glorious truth was discovered and proclaimed by Jesus; and its meaning for each one of us is, that to be and to do good is his true nature and his highest blessedness."

I do not care to press the point that this as an exhaustive definition would have been utterly rejected by Jesus; that it leaves out half of what is most deeply characteristic in him; that it reduces to a mere figure of speech what to him stood for an unspeakably great reality—the fatherhood and love of God. What I urge is that this definition, which leaves man nothing to worship, nothing to trust, nothing to yearn toward, higher than an undeveloped possibility in himself—fails to satisfy, not only Jesus, but the human heart in its depth and the human soul in its height. You can never satisfy heart and soul by offering it a magnifying glass in which to see its own idealized image. Goodness at its best becomes love, and the very nature of love is to go forth from itself and rest upon another. Man's sublimest attainment is faith, and the essence of faith is repose upon something greater than one's self—not on one's image in a looking-glass!

That vast word, God—it stands for something before which all our definitions fail, but which the soul in its supremest moments feels and knows, and thrills to the core in the recognition. Be it in the glow of worship when a noble hymn surges upward from a great congregation,—be it when the solitary soul in midnight darkness is lifted above all fear by a voice saying, "It is I; be not afraid!"—be it when the face of nature becomes to the awe-struck and adoring beholder the manifestation of a divine presence,—be it in whatever one of those moods that have inspired the psalms and prayers and prophesies in which humanity touches its height—always there is the living sense of some all-pervading reality, in man yet above man; never so profoundly felt as when expression and even thought stands beggared before something transcending its utmost powers.

I think we are feeling in this age more deeply, or at least more generally, than ever before, that the truth about God cannot be put in definitions or exact statements. But that feeling may go with either one of two mental attitudes. We may think,—as the author of this book seems to think—that man has absolutely no knowledge of any spiritual existence outside of his own present self. Or, we may hold that man is penetrated and enveloped by a living, spiritual power; that in it he has an inspiration to a trust and hope immeasurably larger than sense-knowledge could justify; that he is a *child of God.* Not merely that he will or may become a pretty good man, in his little space of sixty or seventy years; but that he is being drawn toward goodness, not simply by his own endeavor, but by a power best likened to that which draws the tides and wheels the planets, and that what we witness here is only the first stage of his destiny. I speak of "thinking" this to be so, and speak of "mental attitude;" but what I want to express is something deeper than any theory or metaphysical subtlety; it is a temper pervading and possessing the whole life,

Religion is not merely enthusiastic goodness,—in the sense of ardent pursuit of an ideal of personal conduct. It includes that, and emphasizes it. But it includes, too, a reverent, growing, adoring sense of a divine reality filling the universe. It includes trust—a sense of safety and assurance far beyond what our visible condition warrants. Without this spirit of worship and trust, our goodness grows languid and faint. It is like a plant cut off from air and sunlight. We get tired of self-culture, weary of the image in the looking-glass! True, this conception of goodness without any real God professes to leave room for the play of human love. But it is human love in its freest and noblest exercise that carries us to something beyond itself. It is when love—not the word or the thought, but the *thing:* that which lies in the mother's heart, which fuses in one existence the true husband and wife, which sends Jesus in yearning pity among the profligates and harlots—it is when love like this sees its beloved going astray, or stands beside the death-bed, that its eyes look upon God and its hands are clasped and drawn by the immortals. So through love God bears eternal witness to himself. And when we see an intellectual age getting hopeless about God because it cannot understand him; when we see how gloomy grows the sky above the heads of strenuous thinkers like George Eliot and Matthew Arnold; and when then we turn to the ever-living faith in God and immortality as it shines in the simple household, shedding its light over the empty cradle or the path of the wayward boy, we seem to hear Jesus saying, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes!"

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 1, 1880.

VI. JESUS AS THE SON OF MAN.

J. C. L.

The Jewish hope of a national Deliverer, though long delayed, never died. At length the Messiah would come, and all things be changed. Bondage and captivity would cease, power and prosperity would come. War and desolation would give place to peace and plenty. All nations would do homage to the Kingdom of Jehovah, and pay tribute to the house of David. And many were the titles of greatness that poetic and prophetic fancy lavished upon the expected conqueror, judge and king. In the apocryphal book of Enoch, written a hundred years before Jesus was born, the Messiah is called "the Righteous One," "the Elect One," "the Anointed," "the Son of God," "the Son of Woman," and "the Son of Man." The most common title, however, was "the Son of Man." By that phrase was the future deliverer most frequently designated; by that phrase was Jesus best known to the first Christians; and finally that phrase was the one which Jesus oftenest used in speaking of himself. There can be no doubt it was his favorite designation. There were those who called him Rabbi, but he seemed not to think it conferred any honor. Some called him the Son of David, but he never called himself so. Except to that lone woman at the well of Samaria, he never calls himself "Messiah." Rarely and reluctantly does he accept the title of "Christ." Look through the first three gospels, which being the earliest have the highest historic claims, and see how he never calls himself the "Son of God." Yet see how many times in Matthew alone he calls himself the "Son of Man!"

There must have been something in this phrase peculiarly significant to the thought and in harmony with the character of Jesus. What was it? The phrase was very old; it was the title of a prophet. It occurs more than ninety times in visions of Ezekiel; the name by which the ancient seer heard himself addressed by the voice of God. And yet while Jesus was conscious of prophetic mission and powers, he was much more than a prophet in the sense in which that office had hitherto been understood. The prophets of the past had been a stern, ascetic, exclusive sort of men—moved by a sense of duty more than by the impulses of love;—stronger in their denunciations of the wicked, than in their comfort to the faithful; passing by human sorrow and suffering as beneath their notice, or possibly but the penalty of an offended God. The latest type was John the Baptist, who preached wrath and repentance, but left his disciples with little joy in the present, and singularly destitute of hope for the future.

Jesus came to men as a prophet,—prophets were sorely needed in those times—but also as a brother. He saw the sins of the people,—denounced their hypocrisy and pride, their complacency and worldliness, their herb-tithing and overreaching, their loud profession and small performance. But the sight of every suffering man arrested him; he pitied the poor and the weak; his heart went out to those ignorant of the love of God—living in a state of sullen denial, doubt or despair, or wandering as flocks without a shepherd. The "Son of Man," too, has had his day of struggle and temptation. The "Son of Man" has had his sense of friendlessness and grief; to-day he has not where to lay his

head, yet he comes to testify of the light which he has seen; of the truth which has been revealed to him. He is sure of the infinite love of God, and he has come to seek and to save those who are lost.

The "Son of Man," in the mouth of Jesus, though borrowed from the rhapsody of Daniel, seems to mean something more than the title of an official. The "Son of Man" is very human, the dutiful child of humanity, of near and tender kinship to all his race, acknowledging the perpetual claims of neighbor, friend and brother, to the very lowest and humblest of mankind. The expression can never cease to interest us as the only title which he freely adopted,—as the one which seemed best to embody all that he wished to be and do for the race.

It would be wicked not to print the following letter from Dr. Bartol:

BOSTON, Dec. 5, 1879.

Dear Unity: I send you the money, as you neglect to send me your bill; for I refuse to be paid for my contribution to your columns, which bear out so bravely the meaning of your name. There must be *other denominations;* but all hail to your loving search for some thread that strings them all! Liberty is for the sake of union, and else were what a poor selfish thing! "Law is liberty;" the Indian maiden of the Ponca tribe, "Bright Eyes," is justifying her baptismal name by reminding us,—with gentle implication of a doubt how far such a law has been obeyed by these so free United States. But I say *love,* too, is liberty; but only when it is purity of love; and the semi-monthly prophecy, which your welcome sheet is christened with at its head, is coming, however slowly, to pass in the state and the church. You are doing something, like every true patriot, to fulfil the prediction you made. I am cordially your friend,

C. A. BARTOL.

RELIGIOUS UNITY.

II.

M. J. SAVAGE.

The formula of Evolution, so far as we care to use it in the present article, is thus expressed by Herbert Spencer: "A change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity."

This phrase—in abstract, philosophic terms—expresses the condition of the ancient *human* world as well as that which was sub-human. The world started in "religious unity;" but it was the indefinite, incoherent unity, or homogeneity, as of the fire-mist. The primeval fire-mist was a unity; but it was a unity that contained within itself the necessity of unfolding into all the wondrous complexity of the Copernican system, where "one star differeth from another star in glory." A plowed and harrowed field in spring has a striking unity, or homogeneity, in appearance. One square rod of it looks just like any other square rod; and yet the same field may contain, beneath the surface, the seeds of corn and wheat and rye and barley and oats, besides a dozen kinds of grasses and weeds.

The primal religious unity of the human race was of this kind. There were no apparent divisions as yet, any more than there are in the first single sprout of the tiny oak, that, when it is grown, will develop into a giant with a thousand limbs, branching into ten thousand twigs and a million leaves. The first men looked around and above them with wonder and awe and fear. They recognized everywhere a power that was not their own. They reasoned well, with what ability they had and according to their knowledge. They knew nothing, and at first could know nothing, of any other kind of power except such as they themselves possessed and exercised. Thus, as they saw the sun move, the clouds drive across the face of heaven, the torrents dashing down their courses; and as they felt the winds blow—tremendous, invisible forces; and as heat and cold and hunger—other invisible forces—seized upon, tortured and killed them; what could they think but that they were beings like themselves, only possessing terrible and mysterious powers?

But it was all, as yet, an indefinite, incoherent unity. They had thought out no clear distinctions. There was as yet no hierarchy of gods—no one deity claimed their special or permanent allegiance. They prayed to or sought to propitiate any special power that seemed nearest, that threatened or could help. The whole world outside themselves was an indefinite multitude of undistinguished gods.

And when, through the mystery of sleep, of dreams and of death, they had come to a belief in the survival of the dead fathers and chiefs; and when, through their belief that they could still help or hurt, they had begun to pay them worship, still the indefinite, incoherent unity remained. There were no sects, no rival religions, no infallibilities looking down upon or seeking to exterminate all competitors. Each household worshipped its own ancestor; each tribe paid homage to its own chief; and no one thought of disputing the right of others to do the same.

Here, then, is a hint as to the kind of religious unity in which the world started. This, it will be perceived, is far enough removed from the fancied unity of a primeval revelation of the one God, from which, through the "fall" and the depravity of the human heart, mankind afterward departed. This latter is only the baseless assumption of certain religionists who are anxious to make out a claim that their particular religion was this primeval one, and so establish their modern pretension that their faith is the "original and only"—a claim of no more validity in their case than is the like pretense when put forth in behalf of patent soaps or variety performers.

In our next article we will go on to see how this unity had in itself the seeds of all the after-growth of diversity.

RELIGIOUS UNITY.

III.

M. J. SAVAGE.

As the homogeneous develops, it of necessity evolves the heterogeneous. Progress means diversity. It is the same everywhere. In society it means grades of wealth, power, culture. In industry it means specialization and division of labor. In religion it means different thoughts of God, different rites, different organizations.

Let us note a few of the lines of this development, the causes that produce them.

1. As to gods. The human mind, barbarous or cultivated, is perpetually looking for causes, interpreting events, thinking how and why. The barbaric mind could not look far nor deeply. Of necessity, then, it would light on man and proximate causes; and these causes would necessarily be interpreted in the light of the little knowledge thus possessed. The only knowledge the first men had, or could have, of power, was derived for themselves, and took on the attributes of personality and will. Of forms they knew nothing apart from beings. The winds, the waters, the lightning, cold, hunger, the sun, the stars, all these and a hundred more, were forms - and thus were thought of as beings. So the gods were born; and of necessity these gods were many, not one. Those who dream of a primeval monotheism, leave out of account the natural constitution and growth of the human mind. The mind must develop enough to think of a cosmos, a universe, before it could think of *one* god. Why should the first rude men connect together stars and lightnings and winds, and so think of *one* power manifesting itself in them all? Unity comes when proximate causes are traced back beyond the more striking phenomena, and the one is seen in the many. This, I think, may adequately account for traces of monotheistic thought in many ancient religions. Instead of looking upon these as remnants of a primitive monotheism, is it not more rational to regard them as indicating a deeper insight and a farther reaching forethought as the part of the greater minds?

2. Different races and climates determine human thoughts toward different religious conceptions. Egypt's religion must be colored and shaped by the Nile and the desert; maritime peoples will worship the sea and the winds; mountain dwellers will find gods of the hills; dwellers in the tropics will propitiate the scorching sun, and idle, easy-living, luxurious peoples will have deities like themselves.

3. Then, again, grades of intellectual and social culture will work to multiply gods. As men advance, they will leave behind their cruder, more material deities, and learn to worship loftier ideals. But the lower types of man will still retain the old. So, as men go on, new gods spring up; but the old only slowly die. Man will always have as their object of worship no better god than the one they are able to think of and love. They will fasten on that aspect of the universe that fits their mental and moral condition.

4. And on a move, religion becomes diversified by the fact that different people come to lay their emphasis on now this side of the religious life, and now that. Let sentiment, or the emotional side, be pushed into prominence, and a whole denomination may be the result. Another will spring from the speculating or theologizing tendency. Still another will result from putting the etherial features of religion in the foreground; and another may be created by a form of government,—as the Episcopal or Presbyterian,—or by a rite,—as the Baptist,—or by a process of centralization,—as the Roman.

Religion, then, grows like a tree, and, like a tree, it of necessity branches out in a hundred or a thousand different directions. This diversity is a necessary stage in the world's advance. During this stage,

> "Why should we look our common faith to find
> When one in every score is color-blind?
> If here on earth they know not red from green,
> Will they see better into things unseen?"

OUR FELLOW-CREATURES.

J. V. B.

Why not take the second word in *Unity's* motto as a text for a plea for innocent creatures who enjoy life without speech—not quite dumb indeed, and having a limited dialect well understood by each species after its kind, as any one may observe who will listen to the different sounds by which a hen manages her brood, yet still without language? But happy, very happy withal, being in such admirable health that mere existence is a great pleasure. I am a dear lover of animals. I never tire of looking into their eyes, wondering what a speechless soul may be; and the labors of the wild and dependence of the same seem inexpressibly pathetic to me. That they may be killed righteously, I will not dispute, but to hurt and kill for mere sport is barbarous and cruel. Touching the education of a child in kindness and humane feeling, a German poet advises that he shall be punished if he has let a rose bush die of thirst, and adds:

> "He that spares the dew drops on the grass
> Will never ring out tears from human eyes."

I have such reverence for *everything that goes*, that I cannot stop a watch or clock but with some inward protest, nor injure any machine without conscience. And the birds and animals are such exquisite and amazing engines—endowed with that mysterious motion called life, which is able to feed its own fires, and provided to that end with the secret of consciousness, appetite and intelligence—that I never could find it in me to break up that delicate mechanism, stopping that rapturous motion and inscrutable sense. I heard a story told of a family owning an island where deer still roam in the woods. To hunt them is a sport of these good people in summer, and they carried a friend to the island to share the pastime. While the hunters lay in ambush with rifles charged, a splendid buck walked majestically out of a cover, and stood looking at the stranger, whose position made him visible to the animal. Thus the two confronted each other with a language full of mutual admiration, after which the superb creature turned and bounded away into the forest. The other and more experienced hunter ran impatiently from his bush to his friend—"Why in the world did you not shoot?" The man started: "Shoot! I never thought of it. I would as readily have thought of taking aim at my mother." The immovableness of that wonder and admiration seem to me more excellent than the hunter's art and skill. I like not the mangling of pigeons tossed in the air to be shot, and I hope the coming man will find no sport in killing anything. In the spirit of a surgeon who said to me, with a sad reluctance of manner that surprised and impressed me: "Well, farewell, I have to shed some innocent blood this afternoon," and so parted from me solemnly.

CO-OPERATION BETWEEN JEWS AND UNITARIANS.

ISAAC S. MOSES.

Those who labor for a good cause always find themselves in need of help. Men like to be persuaded into any undertaking or effort which concerns not their immediate wants. A good cause appears always somewhat visionary and unprofitable. The good cause must stand before them as an accomplished fact; they must be able to measure and to count the result, before they are ready to co-operate. What is needed is the co-operation of the best and the most disinterested friends of humanity. Why do we stand apart? Unitarianism is no idle imagination; it has form and color and substance; it is supplying the want of religion to those who would otherwise consider themselves excluded from the religious community. It has become the apostle of pure faith and free individual thought in modern society; it is preaching a Mosaism without the legality of Moses, and a Christianity without the divinity of Christ. Judaism can have no better missionary than Unitarianism. Why do we not co-operate? We need not become fused into one organization, but we can help each other and strengthen the good cause in many ways. Let Unitarians make the beginning of a more friendly and heartier relationship. Pulpit exchanges are not sufficient; besides, they are a dangerous experiment. Modern Jews, as a class, are receptive of the refined and more cultured forms of life which so eminently characterize Unitarian society. Let the friendly approach come from your side, socially, not only religiously, and you will win a host of co-laborers. In the company of liberal Jews, Unitarians may unlearn many a prejudice, though sometimes they may not find the great-cousins of Jesus to be all but Gods.

In the midst of so much grossness and infatuation, it gladdens one's soul to meet here and there groups of liberal minds and hearts—why not co-operate?

IMMORTAL.

Your picture smiles as first it smiled;
The ring you gave is still the same;
Your letter tells, O changing child!
No tidings *since* it came.
* * * * *
Alas! that neither bonds nor vows
Can certify possession,
Torments me still the fear that love
Died in its last expression.

EMERSON.

And is there, then, no finer, softer speech,
More swift than word of lip or line of pen,
By which the language of our souls doth reach
Beyond our being's scope or senses' ken?
No tidings *since* my letter, love? O lend
Your spirit's ear, and note the message sweet
Which I in voiceless feeling hourly send,
And, listening thus, in rapturous silence greet
My thoughts, which with your own rare converse hold,
By means "more intimate and blest than seeing."
Does not my inmost life your life enfold
In bonds of kindred that include all being?
No real token since the envelope
Winged its slow way to eager, waiting hands,
Has gone to strengthen your too-timid hope,
And prove my constancy in distant lands.
But trust me, O my own! your fears are vain!
Of my immortal love you have possession.
Think not (though I should never write again)
That love died in its last full, free confession!

ELLA A. GILES.

HANS ANDERSON IN THE PULPIT.

Blessed be the man who invents a good book! And next to him I bless the man who tells of a good book when he has discovered one. Howard N. Brown is the inventor, and some of his parishioners are the "man." Mr. Brown has been preaching discourses to the children of his parish, it seems,—about tender-heartedness, and truth, and temper, and humility, and self-devotion, and the like, and the little book called *Sunday Stories* is made up from pages out of these discourses "by some of his parishioners, who desire to extend to a larger circle the pleasure and the benefit they have derived from them." Each talk is a little cluster of "once on a time" stories; not anecdotes, but *might-be* anecdotes from child and fairy and animal and

flower life. Prose-poems in form,—so well told that I can see the children of a Sunday School listening with all their eyes, and the little ones with open lips, and the smile on every father's and mother's face listening behind theirs; so well told that, if father and mother are not there, the children will be eager and able to tell them all about it when they get home. And the best of it is that with very little moralizing, it is just pure "morals;" each story is all point,—it cannot help being remembered on account of its imaginative form, and being remembered, it cannot help "preaching" to the child's heart every time it comes into its mind. "Sunday Stories" is a good enough title for Mr. Brown to call the book, but *we* should call it "Hans Anderson in the Pulpit." Published by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston, for probably about $1 or $1.25.

W. C. G.

To the Liberals of Indiana:

We take this method to introduce to you the "Indiana Conference of Unitarian and Independent Religious Societies," whose aim is "to diffuse Liberal Religious Thought, to advance Practical Righteousness, and to cultivate a Helpful Fellowship and Reverent Faith."

The conviction grows upon us that it is high time for us, as Liberals, to be DOING something worthy the cause we represent, and commensurate with the opportunities before us. Liberal religion has stood for large ideas; we must make it stand for large *works*. The material and intellectual progress of our State is rapid, and promises a future far richer than the present. In religion there is inertia. Almost all the organized effort made is under the auspices of the evangelical churches, which, honeycombed by insincerity and doubt, are incapacitated for the moral leadership of a great free people. Their dogmas are at war with modern thought; their methods are as antiquated as the alchemist and astrologer. As a result, the rising generation, rationalized by the common schools, find nothing in current religious teaching either congenial or helpful. Thus it occurs that large classes of our best young people are destitute of religious interest. The very persons who by their culture ought to mould religious sentiment and direct religious education, are unorganized and inactive. Philanthropy and patriotism demand that something be done to *religionize* this class; to put the moral leadership of community into the hands of our best intellect, where it belongs, where it must be if our State prosper.

Many others, who hang on the outskirts of orthodoxy, are in a terrible unrest, trembling between the old and the new. They have too much light to believe ancient dogmas, yet the new day of peace, springing from the clearer light of science, has not dawned upon them. Their religious life is embittered by clerical rebukes, and wasted by indecision. They are not growing. They add no moral enthusiasm to society. Many more are yet bound in servitude to irrational ideas and fruitless methods. They are destitute of that joy springing from our wider vision and broader fellowship. Feeling called upon to oppose the spirit of the age, they defeat the very object they have at heart.

When we compare what Sunday School scholars are taught,—which they will have to unlearn by the most painful experience,—with what they might be taught were the rational methods of the secular school applied to religious instruction, we must see that we owe a duty to the orthodox themselves. Thus we, as Liberals, ought to *assert* ourselves *religiously*. It is no time for indifference, for cynicism, for mere iconoclasm. We are divinely called to be architects to the unchurched, building them into efficient organizations, where their new life may be fruitful in ever growing results; to be physicians to the troubled, allaying their feverish anxiety and unifying their religious life with all that is best in our new thought; and to be teachers to the unemancipated, making our presentation of Liberal religion so powerful that its superiority may be felt and appreciated.

As Unitarians, we stand for the recognition in religion of those higher unities which are the inspiring watchword and prophecy of progress in every department of human activity. Our fellowship is as wide as humanity; our cordial welcome is extended to every truth; our effort is not to bind thought in uniformity to a creed, but to raise the conduct of men into unity with the universal good.

The Liberals of Indiana, with these responsibilities upon them and this work before them, ought to know each other, and work together around this common purpose. We seek your sympathy, your influence, your acquaintance, your support. We will be glad to open correspondence with all Liberal parties throughout the State, and hold ourselves in readiness to answer inquiries, receive suggestions, or render assistance. We desire especially to increase our conference membership. The fee for annual membership is $1; for life membership, $10. Communications may be addressed to Rev. Geo. Chainey, Evansville, to Rev. Geo. W. Cooke, Indianapolis, or to the undersigned.

HON. FIRMAN CHURCH, Pres't, Valparaiso.
REV. J. H. CROOKER, Sec'y, La Porte.

The January *Atlantic Monthly* comes with new and larger type, and sixteen more pages than heretofore. In it Mr. Howells begins a new serial story, "The Undiscovered Country," which will continue half a year or more, and promises to rank as high as his previous ones. Dr. Holmes contributes a capital poem on "The Coming Era." "The Bonanza Farms of the West" are well described; and "Reminiscences of Washington" begins a series on political and social life there for the last thirty years, by one well informed. The anonymous article on "Equality" is one of the best. The remaining contents are as follows: Thirty-Seven Hundred and Fifty-Eight, Part II.: Do You Remember? by W. W. Story; Intermezzo, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; Old Creole Days and other Novels; Habits of English Life, by Richard Grant White; Webster's Speeches; Electioneerin' on Big Injun Mounting, by Charles Egbert Craddock; The New Edition of Chaucer; St. Martin's Summer, by John Greenleaf Whittier; Two New French Novels; The Hunt Memorial Exhibition; Holiday Books; and The Contributors' Club.

AN ORDINATION SERVICE.

There is a highly amusing story of an ordination service of olden times—according to a Church Book nearly 100 years old. It was a Mr. John Leland, not the celebrated Leland, but celebrated enough in that district for ability and for wit, and especially so when he ought to have been as grave as a parson, for he was just stepping the threshold of that position. The following are some of the questions at the examination:

Moderator: "Brother Leland, do you not believe that God chose his people in Christ before the foundation of the world?"

Leland (looking up): "I know not, brother, what God was doing before he began to make this world."

"You believe, brother Leland, that all men are totally depraved?"

Leland: "No, brother; if they were, they could not wax worse and worse, as some of them do. The devil was no worse than totally depraved."

"Well, there are other questions that will embrace all these in substance. I will ask whether you do not believe that sinners are justified by the righteousness of Christ imputed to them?"

Leland: "Yes, brother, provided they will do right themselves; but I know of no righteousness that will justify a man that won't do right himself."

"Brother Leland, I will ask you one more question. Do you believe that all the saints will persevere through grace to glory, and get home to heaven at last?"

Leland: "I can tell you more about that, my brother, when I get there myself. Some seem to make a very bad start of it here."

The Presbyter, seeing that the audience was greatly amused, proposed to his colleagues that they should retire for a few moments and consult together. After returning, they remarked to the congregation that brother Leland had not answered the questions as satisfactorily as they could wish, but they all knew that he had many eccentricities for which they should make every allowance; that they had concluded accordingly to ask him a few questions touching his call to the ministry.

Moderator: "Brother Leland, you believe that God has called you to preach the Gospel?"

Leland: "I never heard him, brother."

"But, brother Leland, you feel a great desire for the salvation of sinners, do you not?"

Leland: "Sometimes I think I do, and then again I don't care if the devil gets the whole of them."

Upon this the council retired again, and reported as before, much to the surprise of Leland, who was constrained to submit to ordination. After they had ordained him in due form, he said:

"Well, brethren, when Peter put his hands on people, and took them off, they had more sense than they had before; but you have all had your hands on my head, and, before God, I am as big a fool now as I was before you put them on."—*Christian Life.*

"Let us forbid the lighting of lamps on the Sabbath, for neither do gods need the light, nor men like the smoke."—*Seneca.*

"Knowledge seems isolated and barren unless accompanied by love of all men, and trust in one common brotherhood."—*Cicero.*

The *Christian Register*, in a notice of Mr. Chadwick's "The Faith of Reason," has the following good words on the growing faith: "Mr. Chadwick must be regarded as one of the most competent, intellectual and spiritual leaders of a growing school of liberal Christians, who are attempting a bolder, more radical, a more self-assured, and a more deliberate work than Mr. Parker's, in the same direction, but far more revolutionary, though far more scientific. This school is not wilful passionate and criminative. It considers itself the necessary growth of its fundamental principle of evolution. It aims to show to what point the vine of humanity has climbed. It regards Christianity as the survival of the best and fittest among religious growths. Its ecclesiastical or dogmatic deformities or false flavors—the now incredible parts—are the stains of the soil it passed through, useful or necessary, when they mixed with it; but they wear out or exhale, because they are now useless or hurtful. Christianity is a part of Nature. It is the form natural religion has grown into, the only form that fits our general growth, in the more free and cultivated and enlightened parts of the world. It is a growth, and of course changes as it grows, as natural religion does, if there be any difference between them. A religion that cannot be revised, corrected, enlarged, accommodated, is struck with death. Christianity, if it hopes to survive, must accept the fortunes of natural religion, out of which it grows, and on which it rests, and in and by whose development it is perfected. It has, and can have, no permanent disconnection from all other human interests,—science, philosophy, political economy. It has, and can have, no higher authority than belongs to the order of Nature,—the nature of things. Its truth is its truth to the nature of things; and beyond this we cannot reach. The universe is *one*. Matter and mind are eternally one. God's ways are the ways we see and find in the universe within and without. So far as Christianity truly reports them, or keeps up with their development, or best represents the religious and spiritual side of them, and in closest and fullest harmony with all other sides, it owns and holds its ground. But this is the price of its title; and, if it ceased to pay this ground rent, its title would cease."

Mr. Beecher lately said: "My own interest in the empire of China, while it has been long continued in a general way, assumed far more definite form by the hoodlum population of San Francisco, which were not rebuked by the other citizens with any such energy and success as they ought to have been I made it my duty to study her history, the nature of her institutions, and her resources, and I came to the conclusion that in the next one hundred years the most remarkable development of the world is coming from that side of the globe. If once China shall enter on the new development of growth it will hardly have a parallel in the history of the world."

A foreign correspondent of a New York daily says: "The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon writes from Mentone that the Nation should listen to Mr. Gladstone as a call to make righteousness and peace their guide instead of blustering. He declares that England is wantonly trampling Afghanistan under foot, and warns Englishmen that under such tutors as *The Times* they are becoming a nation of demons."

Gov. Garcelon finds one defender in Dr. Talmage, who pronounces him "from personal knowledge" to be as "pure a man as can be found in public life," and said that it was "unfair and unchristian to question his motives."

THE UNIVERSAL CHRISTMAS.

The *Christian Register* reprints a Christmas sermon of O. B. Frothingham, in which are the following paragraphs:

"Faith grows bright, and hope becomes clear, and love deepens, as we are convinced that God has never left Himself without a witness; that the star never needed to move in order that it might stand over the cradle of a Messiah; that wise men found the little child in their own land; that the angels flashed in other skies than those of Palestine, and made their song heard by listening ears on other plains than those of Judea. With rapture we hearken to the universal song, the Christmas carol of humanity, with the same great burdens of hope and trust, growing richer through repetition from age to age.

"They who speak thus are commonly accused of being enemies of Christianity. Is it a disappointment to find the carol a harmony instead of a melody, a sonata instead of a tune, a symphony as of Beethoven instead of the shrill piping of a shepherd's reed? It needs nothing less than the whole of mankind to express the faiths of mankind. The *differences* of religions are as precious as their *agreements*. Their discords can no more be spared than their concords. Their variety makes their beauty. The spirit that constructed them, and touches the keys, knows how to make them blend without jarring. The great singers do not interfere with one another; they keep one another in tune. The mighty bards build up each the other's fame. Why complain that Jesus is not received as the *only* prophet and saint? Why urge that He suffers disparagement if the claims of Mencius and Zoroaster are admitted? The geologist rejoices to learn that others besides himself make discoveries. The astronomer's heart leaps in his bosom when he hears that a fellow-observer, on the other side of the planet, has detected the same star that he has found, and can verify his calculations.

"Each prophet has his word of might. Buddha's word is *renunciation*, Zoroaster's is *purity*, Menu's is *justice*. The word of Confucius is *moderation*, the word of Moses is *law*, the word of Plato is *harmony*, the word of Socrates is *reason*. Epictetus lays emphasis on *self-reliance*, Antonius lays stress on the peace of the firm and steadfast soul. What word does Jesus speak? The word LOVE. That is his contribution to the soul's vocabulary,—LOVE. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Love God, love man, love the poor, the weak, the wicked. 'Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven, for thou hast *loved* much,' is his sentence on the sinful woman. He introduces love into the bosom of the Hebrew Jehovah, and the stern eye fills with tears that drop in summer showers on the thirsty ground, and light up with smiles that are sunbeams, gladdening alike the just and the unjust. He introduces love into the conception of immortality, and shows us the angels of little children always basking in the light of the Father's countenance. He introduces love into politics, and kings become ministers, and nobles servants. The neediest is lord. He introduces love into social relations, and all men are brothers, have everything in common, live in peace. He introduces love into the heart, and there are but two emotions there, gratitude and trust. He speaks, therefore, to the poor, the sick, the suffering. He promises felicity to the meek, the lowly, the patient, the long-suffering, the peaceful. The wretched welcome his words. This is the religion of sorrow. The strong-willed go rather to Socrates; the aspiring resort to Buddha; the nobly reasonable seek the sage of China; the sternly heroic brace themselves against Moses; the tired, the burdened, the lonely, the sad, go to Jesus. He is the heart's teacher; and so long as the heart, with its affections, predominates over the conscience with its sense of justice, and the reason with its homage for truth, his will be the dearest name on earth."

Charles T. Congdon, in his reminiscences written for the New York *Tribune*, writes: "It is curious that I should first have heard the lovable voice of Ralph Waldo Emerson, when he was the Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson. One day there came into our pulpit the most gracious of mortals, with a face all benignity, who gave out the first hymn and made the first prayer as an angel might have read and prayed. Our choir was a pretty good one, but its best was coarse and discordant after Emerson's voice. I remember of the sermon only that it had an indefinite charm of simplicity, quaintness and wisdom, with occasional illustrations from nature, which were about the most delicate and dainty things of the kind which I had ever heard. I could understand them, if not the fresh philosophical novelty of the discourse. Mr. Emerson preached for us for a good many Sundays, lodging in the home of a Quaker lady, just below ours. * * * Mr. Giles, the Irish essayist, told me a nice little story of Emerson, with which this chapter may conclude. We had a rich old merchant, who was a tireless talker, with whom our lecturers sometimes lodged. The good-hearted gentleman caught Mr. Giles one evening and kept him a complaisant but dreadfully weary listener, morally button-holed, so to speak, until nearly sunrise. Then, as they parted for the night, or rather for the morning, the garrulous and gratified monologist said: 'I like you, Mr. Giles; you are willing to hear what I have to say; Mr. Emerson was here the other night, after he had lectured, and he said he did not wish to hear me talk—that he had rather go to bed.' Not that the kindest of men meant to be uncivil—he merely spoke with the simplicity and directness of a Greek philosopher."

Mr. Beecher is not so boastful as some about the pre-eminent success of Christianity. In a recent sermon he said: "Eighteen hundred years, and not one-eighth of the globe even touched by the light of Christian knowledge! Of the 1,200,000,000 people on the earth, 1,000,000,000 are to all intents and purposes as heathen as in the days when Christ was on earth. * * The great brood of separate denominations are not only not in sympathy, but can scarcely be kept from antagonism and conflict. What is the conditions of governments to-day? How Russia loves England! How Christian England loves Russia! How they both love Turkey! How the Bible whets the sword in India and Afghanistan! Look at the government of Spain, of Italy, of Austria, at Berlin, in France. Look at the attitudes of the Christian nations of the globe. Like roaring lions in the reeds, they wait to spring at each other. The governments of the world are scarcely redeemed from animalism, and selfishness is proclaimed as the only law of wisdom. Ship-loads of missionaries are sent out here and there, and we hear of the great triumphs of Christianity. Four hundred Chinamen are converted! But there are 400,000,000 left behind. I don't ridicule these endeavors, but I ridicule the men who think that they are the evidence of the great power and glory of the kingdom of Christ in the world. We must develop men; they must be made to grow." Mr. Beecher welcomes the ma-

terial work of science to "develop men." He says: "When the time comes when the mother is the Madonna, when the father is God's priest, and children are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and are Christians the moment they begin to think and feel, then there will be no need of extraordinary after-influences. We must have our Christians born, and not born again. Is n't this impossible if the doctrine of heredity is true? Yes; the final triumph must be preceded by a better knowledge of the laws of transmission. If a thing is true, it is that God has fixed in the constitution of things that parents transmit the qualities good and bad in them. Men can transmit cripples and blind men and deaf men, drunkenness, insanity. Men are born with imperfect lungs and livers, and stomachs, and out of these grow a thousand disturbing influences that don't generally come into the account in Christian discourses. Men are prolific of thieves, of fraud, of craft, of animalism. There are Neros in the world busy making Neros. The habitations of cruelty are busy in all the earth, and there is a constant outplay from these fountains. Where are any agencies against it? Something must be done to stop pouring into the world multitudes who are congenitally prone to evil. This implies a better study of the laws of transmission. This truth is unstudied and unpreached, and the whole world is sweltering in evil because the world is pouring out congenital depravity. The time will come when God, working through natural laws on this subject, must be listened to and obeyed. Science is yet to be religion. Then we may head this evil off. * * * We must work with both worlds—the spiritual and the material—if we would provide the conditions in which men can be born into the Kingdom of Christ. If Christianity is a sham and a pretense, and only a mutual insurance company by which respectable people take each other to heaven, woe to it! We must give unity again to a dispersed God."

J. B. Harrison writes bravely to the *Christian Register*, in favor of the "antagonism" that attends and brings the growth of *Unity*. "I am one of those who 'see in liberalism the free spirit and the vital principle of growth, and not a newly formulated body of anti-orthodox doctrines,' but I think that 'the substitution of better ideas and methods in religion in the place of orthodoxy can be better effected by the method of antagonism than by first recognizing the common ground, and then seeking to enlarge that ground.' I think that history gives us no instance of substitution by agreement, but it is full of instances of successful substitution by earnest, inspired, persistent antagonism. The antagonism is an essential, unavoidable feature and element of such a process of substitution as is now going on in Christendom. It is not to be regretted. It is a much more wholesome sign of the times than indifference or spurious catholicity. Is it not probable that there will be far more pronounced antagonism before the substitution of better ideas and methods in the place of orthodoxy is accomplished?" On the same point, H. Powers, of Manchester, N. H., adds in the next *Register*: "There is no common ground—there cannot be—between 'the free spirit and the vital principal of growth,' in the doctrine which liberalism believes in so heartily, and that fixed and perfect system of revealed truth which orthodoxy claims to set forth, and which it declares to be alone sufficient for the salvation of all mankind. If the liberals are right in what they have to say upon the subject of religion, then the orthodox are wrong; if the orthodox are right, the liberals are wrong; and it is our duty to say so. Indeed, the failure of many to recognize and proclaim this essential antagonism between the orthodox and liberal faiths, is the cause, I am sure, of a great deal of that spurious catholicity which is doing so much mischief in our day. Besides, how can we substitute one thing for another, unless we show *what it is* that we wish to put in place of the old? We necessarily and rightly emphasize the *differences* that exist between us liberals and the so-called evangelical churches; and so much of antagonism, certainly, as belongs to this, is inevitable, if we would continue to live and grow. What the world most needs at the present time is the *special* truth which liberalism has to confer upon it, and not that truth which it holds in common with the other churches."

The New York *Tribune* preached a good sermon for Christmas, in an editorial, and advised gifts of something better than can be put on Christmas trees. "How many a young man is there to-day, in this and every great city, who has come up from some poor home, followed by the prayers of father and mother; who is fighting day by day temptations which will ruin him, body and soul, if he yields, and from which proper companionship will save him. He is utterly friendless and alone. He goes to church, and the crowd of well-meaning worshippers brush past him without a word. He goes to his work, and his employer puts him aside at night as he does his ledger, as a tool, not a human being. Would not a word of sympathy, a cordial invitation, a little womanly interest—if our reader is a woman—be of more value here than any gift which money could buy? In our circle of acquaintances, in our own households, is there no tired woman, no man with whom the world has dealt hardly, to whom we have often felt impelled to hold out our hands with hearty good-will, but have not done it? The boy yonder, rough, disorderly, chattering of base-ball, guns, the theatre—his mind is not all full of guns and base-balls; there are beneath his immature dreams, hopes, passions. What does his father know of them? What has he tried to know? How many words of real recognition during this year has he spoken to the lad to win his confidence, to get his hand upon the rudder of his life? There is the mother at the head of the table. All the children know what she has done for them; they know that nobody can take her place to them in all their lives. But do they say so? Let us try the value of another and better giving than money this Christmas. If there is a word of cheerfulness or encouragement, which, if we were dead, we would wish we had spoken, let us speak it now. If there is one human soul whom we can help in his fight against his worse self, let us help him on this Christmas time, in the name of the Brother of us all."

A writer for the Boston *Sunday Times* says: "I heard a good story about Thackeray, the other night, which I think has never appeared in print. When he came to Boston to deliver his lecture, he had made an engagement with a friend, a Bostonian whom he had met in Germany, to go and hear Theodore Parker, but was advised by newer acquaintances here not to do so, as it would not be thought the proper thing, and might possibly hurt his lectures. It was in the winter, and on Sunday morning (there had been a rain, and the streets were glazed with ice) Thackeray started with a couple of friends, a gentleman and his daughter, for church; they to go to Music Hall, and he to St. Paul's. It was uncomfortable traveling, and of a very different sort to which

the great man was accustomed, but he made his way by taking the gentleman's arm and placing his other hand on the lady's shoulder. When the entrance to Music Hall was reached, his friends were about bidding him good-morning, but looking about him, he said, 'Well, if I go on I shall certainly fall down and break my neck, so I must go in with you.' It happened to be Parker's sermon on Amos Lawrence. Thackeray was immensely pleased, fascinated. The same day, come evening, a company was assembled at the house of a distinguished literary gentleman of this city. Thackeray was one of the number, and could talk nothing but Theodore Parker; he was all aglow with enthusiasm and admiration for him. Presently the host remarking the blank countenances of his guests, slowly said, 'We—we don't meet Mr. Parker. He moves in another circle.' There was a pause, and the great satirist, straightening himself up, said, 'I begin to think I haven't seen the best company in Boston yet.'"

Mr. Congdon, in his "Reminiscences of a Journalist," in the N. Y. *Tribune*, has the following of Channing: "I can only say that I just saw and heard him; and now think that his great reputation as a preacher was rather due to the winning and apostolic grace of his manner than to the force and vigor of his discourses. As one reads his printed sermons there is, I think, a sense of feebleness, and of matter larger than the manner. This came to some extent from what has ruined far smaller men than the great Apostle of Unitarianism—a habit of refining, and a fear of anything like inelegance. A clergyman who was upon intimate terms with Dr. Channing, and saw a good many of his MSS., told me that they were remarkable for interlineations and erasures; and that the writer's constant effort seemed to be to get rid of adjectives, which was, of course, laudable. The moral courage of this great man, exhibited in his essay on Slavery, was the more notable because he was naturally cautious and had a great horror of anything like extremes. He struck the keynote of the whole crusade against the "institution," as wiseacres use to be fond of calling it, when he exclaimed: "Property in man! You might as well talk of property in angels!" Beacon street was wonderfully stirred by this unexpected evangel; but it encountered many surprises of the kind before all was over, and had to bear, as best it might the defection of many of its most respectable denizens from the safe limits of its frigid and eminently proper conservatism. Shock followed shock and desertion desertion, until there was nobody left to hold up the hands of Daniel Webster save a few small clergymen, smaller lawyers, with here and there a journalist who so misused types that some readers regretted their invention."

The *Friend of India* says that Keshub Chunder Sen seems to adopt toward Hindooism "something like the attitude of Christ toward Judaism, not seeking to destroy the law, but to fulfil it—destroying only that which is effete and corrupt in Hindoostan, and seeking to restore and preserve the youth and beauty which have in the course of ages become disfigured and corrupted. But Keshub Chunder Sen has outlived the days of fiery radicalism and fierce iconoclasm, and repents his early adoption of so uncompromising an attitude toward ancestral customs which are repugnant to the ideas of Europeans and Christians. He has for several years been steadily making his peace with Hindooism. His idea seems to be—though we ought to state our apprehension of it with diffidence—to gain acceptance from the pious (including, of course, the superstitious) portion of his own countrymen as a Hindoo reformer and sage; to commend himself to the educated classes and to the West as an eclectic; to really reform and purify Hindooism, and as truly to enrich his purified religion with all truth that can be gathered from all faiths, and thus knitting together East and West, and fusing into one whole the truths of all religions, to establish the Universal Church of the Future."

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

J. LL. J.

"What news abroad i' the world?"

ST. LOUIS, 417 Pine St., Jan. 8, 1880.

Editor of Unity: Dear Sir—Please acknowledge the following recent contributions received for the Western Unitarian Conference:

Dec. 26,	From	C. R. Willson, of Winnetka, Ill.	$5 00
"	"	Unitarian Society of Ann Arbor, Mich., per C. E. Green, treasurer	20 00
Jan. 8,	"	Unity Church of St. Paul, Minn., per W. C. Gannett (in addition to $100 before acknowledged)	12 00

Yours truly,

JOSEPH SHIPPEN, Treasurer.

"UNITY" INTERESTS.—The jotter having free course to the business drawers at *Unity* office, found himself, a few nights ago, in the quiet hush of midnight, examining the business correspondence of the month, and found therein food for encouragement and reflection. One says: "Were *Unity* to die to-day, it has not lived in vain. It has permanently enriched my library, and enlarged my interest in noble things." Another inquires for a missing number;—"I want my files complete." A third says: "Some unknown friend has sent me samples of your paper, which delight me. Enclosed find subscription." Who will be an unknown friend to one or more of 5,000 of similar men and women in the Mississippi valley, who would become subscribers if they only knew of it? One says: "In an old copy of the *Index* I see reference to a *Pamphlet Mission*. I write to ask if it is still in existence." Reflection: Good things sometimes remain unknown, notwithstanding the age of steam and lightning; and we discovered that several of the brethren have been doing willing work for *Unity* recently. Others say they are going to. Don't forget it, brethren. Two more issues complete our second year. We mean to begin the new volume, March 1, in excellent courage, for which end we hope old subscribers will renew promptly to save confusion in our mailing list, and that new subscribers may come by tens and by fifties. Every reader of *Unity* is hereby appointed a special agent to carry the news that *Unity* is one of the "biggest small things" now in the field; that every inquirer, doubter, hoper and believer in the past, present and the future, needs it as it needs him, and that it can be had at $1.50 per annum.

The New Religion has the following to say of Mr. Gannett's "Chosen Nation," Unity S.S. Lesson, series IV.: "These are the only lessons we know of that are really up to the times, and that have any pretensions to studying the religious history of the Jews as it really was. We have frequently had occasion to remark that the teaching in our Sunday Schools is far behind the age, that the Bible as understood by the learned

is not shown in these schools, and that for the sake of certain expedients our spiritual teachers have not thought it best to acquaint our children with the real truths of religious history. Mr. Gannett, in his "Unity Lessons," is bringing Kuenen and the later commentators into the Sunday School, and the result will be that a large number of our children will be saved in after years from unlearning, as we ourselves have had to unlearn, nearly everything that was taught us about the history of Israel and for that, of the history of the world, and of the beginning and course of human life and of human experience."

ENGLAND.—Arrangements are being made to celebrate the Channing centenary by the publication and circulation of 100,000 copies of a complete edition of his works in one volume, to be sold for one shilling per volume, delivered in the United States at twenty-four cents per copy. With the exception of the Bible and the Shilling Shakspeare, it is claimed that this volume will be the cheapest book in the English language. The volume will be ready for delivery in March.

The Christian Life, a weekly Unitarian journal, twelve pages 4to, is offered to American subscribers for $1 per year.

The City Road Chapel, London, the foundation stone of which was laid by John Wesley, was recently seriously injured by fire. The above journal suggests that the churches of Christendom would gladly restore this building as a testimony of the changed attitude toward Methodism and as a proof of the veneration in which all the churches hold Wesley.

A national committee is trying to abolish the sale of "livings" in the Episcopal Church.

MONTICELLO, IOWA.—Things have come to a queer pass in this town. The Congregationalist Church has a progressive pastor, so much tainted with Liberalism that one staunch member, who believed in preserving the faith of the fathers, insisted that the Pastor's theology be looked into. So persistent was this one, whom the papers call "the Truly Good," that the church concluded to suspend him for one year and keep the minister. At the next business meeting, called only for members, "Truly Good" was in his accustomed place, claiming his seat. The society had to send for the Marshal, and this valiant defender of the faith, "once delivered to the Saints," was arraigned on a charge of disturbing a private meeting, for which he was fined to the extent of $5.85. Verily, what is the world coming to.

INDIANA.—This number contains a special appeal of the officers of the Indiana Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies, to the progressive friends in that State, and a large number of this edition will be distributed in that State. Indiana is already the third agricultural State in the Union, and it is fast pushing to the front in all educational and humanitarian interests. 3,000 copies of *Unity* visiting regularly the homes of as many Hoosiers, would unquestionably place it foremost in all those concerns that tell for religious unity and progressive character. Brethren in Indiana, after reading and heeding the words of President Church and Secretary Crooker, please remember that you cannot give to them cordial co-operation without the help of *Unity* as a kindly go-between. Send in your subscriptions.

WALES.—The South Wales Unitarian Association held its Christmas quarterly session at Aberdare, at which Rev. J. Davis, of Alltyplaca, read a paper on the following radical question: "Is the present agricultural and commercial depression a Divine judgment on sin, or is it the result of natural laws?"

A new Liberal chapel has been dedicated at Cwmbach.

The Rev. William Thomas, of Llandyssul, died on the 11th ult. The English papers say his death was hastened by the cruel eviction of himself and society from their house of worship by a bigoted land-owner before mentioned in these columns.

F. H. HEAD'S BOOK STORE.—We yield our last page of this number to the interest of this book store, and commend the list to our readers as containing many books of special value. It is a rare opportunity to secure excellent Liberal books at greatly reduced prices. We commend the house, and after years of experience we warn our readers to keep away if they don't want to buy books. Our friend Colegrove is never so happy as when he has persuaded one to invest in a good book.

DETROIT.—Rev. T. B. Forbush has accepted a call to the Unitarian Church of this city, and will remove there May 1st, supplying the pulpit from Sunday to Sunday until that date. The church was never in better condition. The congregations are large, the Sunday School full, and everybody is earnest, enthusiastic and sure of success. Mr. Forbush thinks he will know better what to preach and how to preach it, for his four years' experience in the pew.

EDGERTON, WIS.—Jenk. Ll. Jones is delivering a course of six lectures on "The Great Religious Teachers of the Race," at this place, on successive Tuesday evenings, beginning Jan. 13th, as follows: 1. The Growth of Religious Ideas. Introductory. 2. Zoroaster and the Parsee Religion. 3. Buddha, the Light of Asia. 4. Confucius and the Chinese Civilization. 5. Moses, the Hebrew Law-Giver. 6. Jesus, the Founder of Christianity.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.—A Christian procession paraded the streets of this city recently, in which many of the natives took part; commenting on which, the *Indian Mirror* says: "It is strange that the duty of making Christ popular in India should have devolved upon the Brahmo Somaj, and not upon our Christian countrymen. There is certainly more love and respect for Christ in native society now than formerly, and this is due in no small measure to the Brahmos."

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—At a meeting of the directors, held in President Shorey's office, Jan. 6, it was determined to hold the next annual meeting at Milwaukee, Wis., June 15–18. Conference preacher, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor; alternate, W. C. Gannett, St. Paul.

DETROIT, MICH.—The Liberal society here is jubilant under their new pastor, Rev. T. B. Forbush, whom they expect to welcome, with his books and family, to their city next spring. The gain of Detroit will be the loss of Chicago.

LEADVILLE, COL.—Rev. Chas. W. Buck, prominent among the workers for Freedom, Fellowship and Character in religion in New England, goes to sojourn for a time in this place. May he make both money and converts.

QUINCY, ILL.—Rev. J. Vila Blake has been giving a series of discourses on Faith, which he defines as "Trust in the universe as moral order, which involves trust in our own souls."

JAPAN.—The editor of a Sunday School paper says the teachers here call for *true* stories. The stuff upon which American children are fed in Sunday School is too trashy for them.

CHICAGO.—Hope has again dawned upon the faithful friends of the Third Church. Rev. E. I. Galvin has been preaching there the last two Sundays with encouraging prospects.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Rev. A. D. Mayo vacates the Unitarian pulpit April 1st, after which he becomes associate editor of the *New England Journal of Education.*

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Judge Seaman, recently deceased, left $1000 in his will to the Unitarian society, to be expended in disseminating Liberal religious literature.

UTICA, N. Y.—Our former yokefellow in the West, Rev. E. P. Powell, starts a Liberal movement in this city.

N. M. Mann, of Rochester, N. Y., in a good sermon on "Believing or Doing?" recently published, said: "When the Church plainly says that all it requires of people is character, good people will all go into the Church, and a clear moral distinction will be established between those inside and those outside. The tendency in this direction has been accelerated by inquiry into the religious life and literature of non-christian peoples. It has been found that among the adherents to other forms of faith, there are pure and noble souls whom it will not do to count out of the kingdom of heaven. There are other Bibles besides ours, which teach the same precepts, and we cannot spurn them without doing an implied indignity to our own. A necessity therefore has arisen for widening the basis of fellowship to embrace those who, under whatever name, are seeking essentially the same thing,—the development of practical righteousness.

"This pressure which comes from abroad seconds a pressure long felt at home. It is very awkward to stand on a distinction which in all the vital relations of life is disallowed. You find a person who is good enough to be your friend, your partner in business, good enough to be entrusted with the care of your estate or your household, good enough to be your husband or your wife, a person with whom you are in all things in perfect accord until you come to matters of religious belief; must you think this difference is to separate you eternally who are so happily united now? Will you allow this difference to take on such an importance as to impair an otherwise perfect union? Certainly not, unless you are beside yourself. The sensible course is to sink this creedal distinction to the subordinate place where it belongs, and act on the fair supposition that in the eternities, as now and here, the main qualification is character. Practical life is forcing people to this attitude, is making it daily more and more a truism that the correctness of a person's creed is a trifling and insignificant matter in comparison to correctness of conduct. Let a man believe in one God, or three, or forty, or none at all; let him believe what he will about heaven and hell, and departed spirits, if he is upright and faithful, full of human sympathy and prompt in human service, if he has clean hands and a pure heart, it is not our business to inquire further before we take him by the hand. The gates of the heavenly city must swing wide open for that man.

"We cannot doubt that the divine judgment here accords with that of man and nature. There is call to do in religion what was long ago done in practical life, to emphasize afresh the characteristic word of the Sermon on the Mount, that sometimes despised but still vital word, *doing*—doing the will of our Father who is in Heaven."

UNITY.

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Any publications n ticed in this column can be ordered from this office.

Christmas Evergreens, by James Vila Blake, Pamphlet, 8 pages. An interesting account of Christmas decorations, ivy, holly, mistletoe, the bay and rosemary; replete with curious information drawn from antique sources.

Constitution and By-Laws of the Social Science Association of Indiana. President, Mrs. Martha N. McKay,

The Nativity of Christ; an Even-Song. A Christmas service used at the Church of the Messiah, Louisville, Ky., C. J. K. Jones, pastor.

The Sabbath-School Queen, by C. E. Leslie. Published by the Chicago Music Company.

SCRIPTURES, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY F. L. H.

IMMORTALITY.

II.

(V. Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality.)

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

—*Whittier.* (*Snow-Bound.*)

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned,—
Saying, *what is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again. —*Emerson.* (*Threnody.*)

For the very true beginning of wisdom is the desire of discipline; and the care of discipline is love; and love is the keeping of her laws; and the giving heed unto her laws is the assurance of incorruption; and incorruption maketh us near to God: therefore the desire of wisdom bringeth to a kingdom. *Wisdom of Solomon, VI.* (*2nd century B.C.*)

I account death a truly great and acomplished good thing; the soul being there to live a real life, which here lives not a waking life, but suffers things most resembling dreams.

—*Plutarch.* (*1st century A. C.,*) [" *Pleasure not attainable according to Epicurus,*" § 28.]

The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us: that mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind; that surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture: he that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man.

—*Sir Thomas Browne.* (*Religio Medici.*)

Wherever man ripens, this audacious belief presently appears—in the savage, savagely; in the good, purely. As soon as thought is exercised, this belief is inevitable; as soon as virtue glows, this belief confirms itself. * * I am a better believer, and all serious souls are better believers, in the immortality than we can give grounds for. The real evidence is too subtle, or is higher than we can write down in propositions. We cannot prove our faith by syllogisms.

—*Emerson.* (*Essay on Immortality.*)

Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future non-extant or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues thou, the Earth-blinded, summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up: but Yesterday and Tomorrow both *are.* Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of man's Soul, even as all Thinkers in all ages have devoutly read it there; that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it is a universal HERE, so is it an everlasting NOW.

And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY? * * Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. * * Believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not. —*Carlyle.* (*Sartor Resartus.*)

The memorial of virtue is immortal;
Because it is known with God and with men.
When it is present, mankind take example of it,
And when it is gone they desire it.
It weareth a crown and triumpheth forever;
Having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.
(*Wisdom: iv.*)

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance: (*Ps. cxii.*)
Yea, blessed is the memory of the just! (*Prov. x.*)
Their bodies are buried in peace:
But their name liveth forevermore.
The people will tell of their wisdom,
And the congregation will show forth their praise.
(*Ecclesiasticus. xliv.*)

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence!
May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

George Eliot. (*Marian Evans* (*Lewes.*)

LIFE, I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

LIFE, we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning. *Anna L. Barbauld* (1743—1825.)

THE GROWTH OF THE HEBREW RELIGION.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

Lesson 13.

THE PRIESTS, THEIR TEMPLE, AND THEIR PSALM-BOOK.

The returning exiles soon had their new Temple built. At least one man in eight of those who came back was a Priest, and under the new drift of things the **Priests** became the first power in the State. They formed a caste[16] supported by the altar-offerings: the rule was that one-tenth of all the corn and wine and olive-oil and cattle that the land produced should be given them. The **High Priest** was the local governor under the Persian or Greek viceroy; the common priests were divided into courses, each having his appointed duty; and trained bands of Levites,[17] singers and porters helped them in the humbler offices.

The **Temple** was the **One Cathedral** of the land, the only place where sacrifices could be offered to Jehovah. No more "high places" now upon the country hill-tops. So the people from far and near got the habit of streaming up to it three times a year, in long processions, to solemn Festivals. Every morning and every evening the smoke of sacrifices curled up from the altar-fires; and the Sabbath, the New Moon, the three Festivals, the great "Day of Atonement," besides many special "purifications," had each its offering defined. "Burnt," "thank," "sin," "trespass"-offerings,[18] they were called, according to their kind. The sheep and oxen were still butchered by the altar-side; but in spite of these bloody sacrifices the Temple-services grew solemn, stately, songful. The music both of orchestra and choir had great pains taken with it.

What songs did they play and sing? The Psalms,—some of them already old, others new. Like the Book of Law, the **Book of Psalms**[19] was slowly gathered; it was another "five-fold work,"—five separate collections being joined in one to make it. And David probably had no more hand in it than Moses had in the Law: but just as all the laws were credited to the old Law-giver, so nearly everything about the Temple and its services down to its very songs, yes, down to the very candle-sticks and flesh-hooks, was gradually credited[20] to the "pious" old warrior-king and bard. The Psalms were really the hymn-book of the the *second* Temple, not of the first. Many of them show how dearly the people had learned to love their new worship and new Law; and in the best of them we stand again upon the heights[21] of the Old Testament. They sing the Prophets' thoughts of Jehovah and of Righteousness, but with a different feeling. The tone is tender now and yearning, as of one at prayer: no more the trumpet-sounding "Word of God," but a soul's cry unto God. Therefore the Christian world still loves and uses the old Temple hymn-book.[22]

Read "The Rebuilding of the Temple," Ezra iii. 6-13. (B. f. L. vol. ii. 445-456.)
"A Passover Festival," 2 Chron. xxxv. 7-15.
"The High Priest at a Temple-Service." Ecclesiasticus l. 1-21.

16. Caste: Show what it means by Hindoo land, full of the hereditary guilds and orders,—the sacred Brahmins at one end of society, the despised Pariahs at the other. The difference between "castes," "classes," "sects," "cliques." Any castes in American society to-day? A priestly caste calls its rule "theocracy,"—which usually proves a rule of ritual and bigotry and superstition and persecution.——**17. Levites:** The name of the priestly *tribe*. Like the order of Prophets, the Priesthood *grew* by a long process of centuries. At first all Israelites could offer sacrifice as priests, and anywhere: by Josiah's time, only the one tribe of Levites (Moses' and Aaron's tribe could act as priests, and they only at the Temple in Jerusalem: then, after the Captivity, of the Levites only the so-called descendants of Aaron were "priests," while the others fell to the lower rank of mere assistants: last of all, apparently, the High Priest was distinguished from the other priests. See B. f. L. i. 381-3; ii. 179, 332, 414, 439, 475-6. And by all means read Stanley's chapter ("Jewish Church, vol. II., 448-477,) although it assigns to the priestly institutions a much earlier origin.——**18. Offerings:** See e. g, Num. xxviii-xxix. For sacrifices, see B. f. L. ii. 515-17. For Day of Atonement, ii. 511-14. For a *modern* Passover in Palestine, see Stanley's "Jewish Church," vol. I., 559-565. ——**19. Psalms:** The five collections end with Ps. xli., lxxii., lxxxix., cvi., cl., respectively, —*Amens* or *Hallelujahs* marking the close of each. Possibly one or two fierce psalms, like xviii. and vii., may be from David's hand; and the latest probably date about 150 B. C.—The Psalms, like Job, Proverbs and much of the Prophets, are written in a rhythm not of sound, but sense; e. g., see how many of the verses have two halves, whose *meanings* jingle, sometimes by contrast, sometimes by repetition.—The italicized headings of our Psalms are only queer guesses of the English translators; and the sub-headings about the writers are guesses of the old Hebrew editors, and scarcely more to be trusted. See B. f. L. ii. 541-4, and Stanley's eloquent chapter in his "Jewish Church," vol. II. 157-180,—but he treats the book as largely *David's* work.——**20. Credited:** Great men sometimes combine a saint-side and a sinner-side; but in the case of sacred literature the tradition of authorship weighs very little against the internal evidence (see Part III., note 25, below.) From the point of view of this sketch it is impossible to conceive of Psalms delighting in the Temple or the Law, or bewailing a desolate Jerusalem, or praising a God of tender mercies, or revealing a conscience stricken with a spiritual sense of sin, as written by the cruel warrior-king of the untempled, unlevitical and undevastated Zion. See B. f. L. ii. 59-63.——**21. Heights:** For delight in the Temple, read Ps. lxxxiv., cxxii. For delight in the Law, read Ps. xix. 7-14, and the long *acrostic*, Ps. cxix. See B. f. L. ii. 535-541. For a few of the "heights," read "Tender Mercies," Ps. ciii.; "All Wait upon Thee," Ps. civ.; "A Clean Heart," Ps. li.; "Beset," Ps. cxxxix.; "The Shepherd," Ps. xxiii.; "Hope in God," Ps. xlii.-xliii. What others are your favorite psalms?——**22. Hymn-book:** What are your favorite *hymns*? Do you know any written by Anna L. Waring, Eliza Scudder, Whittier, Samuel Longfellow, Father Faber? or two little collections called "Quiet Hours" and "Sunshine in the Soul?"

Lesson 14.

THE SCRIBES AND THEIR WORK: HOW THE OLD TESTAMENT WAS MADE.

But by the Priest's side there now stood a figure even more important than himself—the **Scribe.** The Prophet had vanished into the Scribe. Ezra was a Scribe, and he seems to have founded

in Jerusalem a school of men like himself,—men who, as the lawyers, judges, teachers, preachers and scholars of the land, drilled the new "Law" into the people's brain and heart and life; for the lawyer for his law-book, the judge for his statute-book, the teacher for his text-book, the preacher for his Bible, the scholar for his library, valued above all else that "Five-fold Work of Moses." **Synagogues,**[23] or meeting-houses, sprang up in all the towns, where the people gathered every Sabbath for prayers and praise and reading of that book.

But the Scribes did more than merely teach the "Law": they collected, and, as we say nowadays, they edited and published the Old Testament. Did you ever wonder **How the Old Testament was made?** It is easy from what has been already said to see what it really is, viz: not *a* Book, but a little collection of books. And by glancing through them it is easy to see what this literature contains, viz: (1) the nation's *Laws;* (2) the nation's *History* (legends, traditions and annals;) (3) *Biographies or Memoirs;* (4) *Poetry* (battle-songs, love-songs, hymns, dirges, even speculative and sceptical poems;) (5) the national *Proverbs;* (6) what we may call the national *Sermons* of the Prophets; and (7) a few *Tales or Historical Novellettes.*[24]

If you ask **Who wrote these books?,** for almost all of them the answer is that **No one knows.** The Old Testament is very largely "anonymous;" quite largely "pseudonymous"[25] also, i. e. false names are given to the authors. Suppose that out of all the writings of the Pilgrim Fathers and George Washington and Jefferson and Bancroft and Dr. Channing and Longfellow, only a few of their best pamphlets had been saved; that these were thrown together; that other pieces, many of them also labelled "Washington," "Longfellow," etc., but really written by a score of unknown writers of different periods, were mixed in; and that, when the true story of their origin had grown very dim, all were then bound in one large volume with "Holy Writings" printed on the back, and we began to call it the "Word of God" and to quote it in little verses clipped out here and there,—how strange and wrong our idea of American literature would be! But in some such way as that the Old Testament came into being,—the Old Testament *which is the survivals of a thousand years of Hebrew literature.* Who wrote its pamphlets? We cannot tell: but if you will open your Bibles, a few words can be said that throw some light upon the matter. Four *strata*, the work of **Four Ages,** can be traced in this literature. (*The subject continued in next Lesson.*)

Read "A Scribe," Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 24—xxxix. 11; 2 Chron. xvii. 7-9.

23. Synagogues: Such meetings would naturally have begun among the exiles in Babylonia, cut off from their Temple; and after the Return would be needed at home for local worship, to succeed the old "high places" of the idol-days. The synagogue thus became the country-Temple and the Book of Law became the portable altar. The whole religion was thereby spiritualized. By the time that Jerusalem and its Temple perished again, Judaism had learnt in the synagogue to do without them and was all ready to become a wandering religion. What would our Jews of to-day do at the old altar with the sheep and bullocks' So the Scribe, as the founder of the synagogue, was, as called above, "a more important figure than the Priest."——**24. Novellettes:** Let the scholars pick out in their Old Testaments the books, or book-parts, meant under each head.——**25. Pseudonymous:** e. g., the so-called "Laws of *Moses*" and "Psalms of *David*," already spoken of. (Part III., notes 12 and 20.) In the same way the national Proverbs were concentrated on Solomon, and the older prophet-legends on Elijah and Elisha. These are the four great name-fictions of the Old Testament. But there are others: "Isaiah," e. g., is at least two books written some two hundred years apart; little "Zechariah" is no less than three authors widely separated. Two-thirds of the O. T. are, in a sense, *mosaic-work.* There are many name-fictions and mosaics in the New Testament, also; and many in other "Holy Scriptures." (Part III., notes 13 and 34.) *Mosaics and name-fictions are fundamental characteristics of sacred literature the world over,*—our Bible is but instance, not exception.—The alleged authors are not always even actual heroes of the past they sometimes are beings as fabulous as the Greek Orpheus and the Sibyls, as antediluvian Enoch in the Bible,—whose "works" at one time were in circulation! In explanation, shall we say "pious fraud?" No doubt books were sometimes deliberately fathered upon famous predecessors to help their circulation and authority. It seems to have been widely thought a very proper practice when the purpose was to rouse courage or enforce reform or announce truth. To-day "pious fraud" would be the name for it; for the standards of intellectual honesty have risen. But if old-time writers did so, old-time readers and hearers were more than ready to believe them, and it was after all but one-tenth of pious fraud to nine-tenths of pious self-deception. In all Bible-making times credulity, not criticism, reigns. These name fictions, these "concentrations" of authorship found everywhere, are but one of the many ways in which man idealizes and reveres the past,—they belong to a *law of history.*—What the modern science of Bible-criticism has done is to detect these fatherings and joinings, and assign the several pieces each to its own age. Not always correctly: the science is young and often talks in "probabilities," but it talks with increasing certainty. Our Bible thus distributed along the centuries, each part set in the light of its own time, of course ceases to be "Holy Scripture," but clears up into a very noble literature.

"We are created for the sake of mankind, to be useful to each other."—*Cicero.*

"Nature commands me to do good to all men, whether they be bond or free."—*Seneca.*

"Guard religiously that social tie which binds man to man, and establishes the rites common to the human race."—*Seneca.*

"The Stoic rule of life is to be useful and helpful, and not look after ourselves alone, but after the individual and common interests of all mankind."—*Seneca.*

"They who say that we should love our fellow-citizens, but not foreigners, destroy the universal brotherhood of mankind, with which benevolence and justice would perish."—*Cicero.*

"It is the mark of a good man to love whatever befalls him, and a journey to the end of life, pure, peaceful, ready to depart, and resigning himself freely to his fate."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

"One man, when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third in a manner does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit. So a man, when he has done a good act, does not call out for others to come and see, but goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season."—*M. Aurelius.*

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